

The True Self

by UnKnownSalvation

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Summary: Judy wakes up one night to the scare of her life. Afterwards, she finds that maybe she doesn't know herself quite as much as she thought. Or Nick for that matter. Follow her and Nick as they work out their problems with each other while also managing their work life. Rated M for reasons. Cover art drawn by NeoNimbus

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Ch. 1 Paralysis

Pain. That aching, stinging, unyielding and intense agony from a day of being out in the field on your feet without rest. The kind of pain that can only be induced from accidentally stepping on literally every single sharp or pointy object that just happened to be sitting in your path. A pain I was being forced to endure after being repeatedly denied a chance to just sit down and relax. Not anymore. Now, I could get all the rest I could ever wantedâ€|now that I was on a two day break to let my feet heal.

My name is Judy Hopps and I have been cursed. Not literally, but after the day I had, you would think that was the case. I'm the first ever and currently only rabbit police officer in Zootopia, a distinction that I don't like others bringing up because it makes it seem like I got here because it would look good for the ZPD and the city rather than my own hard work and dedication.

Now, a normal day for me would usually involve maybe one or two different small crimes or nothing at all. Today, it felt like every single criminal in the city decided to commit a crime one after the other and I just happened to be within fifty feet of all of them! Seventeen. Seven-damn-teen different crimes in the same-damn-day!

Seven ended in a foot chase, one turned into a hostage situation and the other nine, thankfully, ended with the perp just surrendering after we caught them in the act. I worked my full eight hours today and by that point, the chief was thinking I was a crime magnet and should just go home, rest and take a day off or two after the last foot chase ended with me and the perp almost getting hit by a car made for a hippo. Yeah, they say rabbit's feet are lucky. Well, I've got two of them and I didn't feel very lucky.

Thankfully, my partner, Nick, the first fox police officer, elected to handle the literal tower of paperwork that the two of us would have to fill out. I know it's weird that a fox and a bunny are partners and the best team on the force, according to Nick's not-so-humble opinion, but we never gave it any real thought. It just came naturally to us. Today was just another case of Nick looking out for me, despite the fact that I know he despises paperwork in its entirety, as he knew I probably would have a hard time even making it back home, let alone fill out paperwork. I would have argued with him on this, but my feet were putting up a pretty firm counterarguments. All of them starting with "OWWWW!"

I got a lift back to my apartment building and made my way back to my apartment, or should I say the little corner of hell that I picked out because the rent was cheap without actually deciding to maybe check to see if it was a good place to live. That's probably closer. My apartment was eight feet wide by twenty feet long. If that sounded like a lot, trust me, it isn't. The room permanently smelled of something that made me want to gag sometimes and the neighborsâ€¦

Oh god, the neighborsâ€¦these two, I swear, were always just constantly pressed up against my wall, listening to everything that happened in my room and giving colorful commentary to my life as loud as possible. I keep a rule to never hate anyone.

I've only ever had to make two exceptions.

I fished out my keys from my back pocket, unlocked and opened the door to the same creaking that I'd come to expect from it. I shut the door behind me and locked it. It was still daylight out, so I didn't need to turn on any lights. I briefly entertained the idea of eating or taking a shower before my tired body said "screw that" and led me to my bed. A short nap couldn't hurt. Thankfully the duo act wasn't home so I had something resembling silence for once. I dressed down until I was in nothing but a pair of orange and green panties and just flopped down on my bed, not even bothering with the blankets. It was summer. I would be warm enough without them were my thoughts.

* * *

><p>I woke up suddenly at some point later that night, with a feeling that I was underwater, though I could clearly see that I was still in my room and I could breathe fine. My body felt so heavy that when I tried to move, I found that I strangely couldn't. My body just wouldn't respond at all. I tried to speak out for help, but I couldn't do that either. I then noticed something moving at the foot of my bed, just out of the very bottom of my peripheral vision. I could still move my eyes for what it was worth, but I still couldn't make out what was in the room. There wasn't enough light coming in through the window for me to make out any features. All I could see was a figure that had to be about four feet tall and had pointy ears.

Then suddenly, the form wasn't at the foot of the bed anymore. It was now standing on top of the bed, looking down at me. I could make out a strange green glow in the figure's eyes that seemed familiar. My heartbeat started to skyrocket, as I laid helpless underneath this figure.<p>

"What's wrong, Carrots?" The figure spoke with a smooth, sly voice that made my eyes widen and my heart nearly stop like my breathing had. Those wordsâ€|that voice...it was Nick? I did give him a spare key to my apartment, but he never just barged in. "Can't move, can you? That's too badâ€|" Nick closed his glowing green eyes before opening them again; this time, they were a deep orange with a slit pupil. "I was hoping this would actually take some effort."

My breathing hitched up, as his body weight was suddenly down on me, feeling me up around my stomach, hips, and legs. I hadn't noticed before, but he was actually naked on top of me. I may not had much experience with things like this personally, but it didn't take me long to figure out where this was going. I tried desperately to move, but the more I tried, the more it felt like something was holding me down and the more intensely I could feel his paws running up and down my body.

"That's right, Carrots. Fight. Make this interesting for me," Nick spoke with something close to a growl, like he was eyeing me like I was just some piece of meat for him to force himself on. I could feel my body starting to heat up against my best wishes. My face and ears were burning from all the blood in them and I was hoping he wouldn't notice my nipples poking up through my fur. His eyes never left mine, piercing my soul as I was completely helpless to escape him. I closed my eyes to break his gaze, but my eyes were forced open when I felt something hot and wet on my neck. Nick had lowered himself down and started to lick and kiss both sides of my neck. My breathing and heart rate were already erratic enough, but now, it was like I was close to hyperventilating. I was at his mercy and he knew it, as he lightly bit down on my neck, raking his teeth across my skin and fur several times like he was using them as a comb, causing slight shivers in my body, before he pulled away.

"Well, I think that'll do for up thereâ€|but what about down here?" Nick lustfully asked, pointing down towards the spot between my legs. If my eyes could have opened any wider, they would have. "Even your panties have carrots on them? Heheh, why am I not surprised?" Nick's paw was massaging the inside of my thighs and giving just deliberately light passes on my pussy, each time sending a small surge up my spine. It was only after he stopped teasing me and actually started to rub two fingers against me that I really felt it. As much as I hated it, my body started to like it, as stronger surges traveled up my back, causing my face to scrunch up repeatedly. Then suddenly, it stoppedâ€|

I opened my eyes to see that Nick was gone and even stranger was that I could now move again, as I sat up in a flash, my heart threatening to break my ribs, my breathing so deep I was practically gulping air and I could still feel every single touch that he had given me. I raced out of bed and over to my sink, turning on the cold water and just started splashing it into my face. I turned on the nearby lamp light and just stared at my mirror. I still could feel the remnants of a blush in my face and ears, but everything else had faded, except for the fact that my panties now had a pretty bad wet spot. I then

examined my neck beneath my fur, but saw no bite marks. Not even scratches. Confusion raced through my mind. How could I have felt all of that but there was no evidence that it had happened. It was too real to be some nightmare.

I looked over to my desk and checked the time. It was just after eleven at night. I didn't have to leave for work so there was no rush, but after something like what I had been through, who could sleep? What just happened was all I could think about, if it really did happen at all. I couldn't move and I was sexually assaulted by something that looked and sounded like my partner and best friend. Even worst, my body was enjoying it! What the hell was wrong with me?!

I had to clear my mind; I stripped down to nothing, before jumping into my tiny shower and turning on the cold water, shocking me awake and making me turn it on the hot water just a tad so I didn't start shivering. After I finished my shower, I grabbed some food from my tiny fridge that I kept near my desk and just grabbed the first thing I happened to see, which a few carrots were all I had. I made a mental note to buy different kinds of food. I sat down in my chair and just looked at my bed. I was going to need to make a choice. Either go back to bed and hope that nothing happens again or just stay up all night and pray I could make it through work tomorrow.

I sat there for about two hours, before I decided to press my luck and hope for the best. On the plus side, the night's events took my mind off my injured feet.

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><p>AN: Hello everyone and my name is UnKnownSalvation but you can just call me Sal. As you can see, I'm a little weird but aren't we all to various degrees? **

Anyway, I was bored so I decided to write something on my new favorite movie and what came out is what you just read. Definitely not something I dabble in writing normally. I'm still debating on what to do from here so leave a review below and tell me what you think. Should I feel ashamed and never come near something M rated like this again or continue just to see how deep we can dig this rabbit hole.

Sal out!

End
file.